



To my  
Sovereign.



O THAT clear Majesty ! which  
in the North, Doth like  
another sun in glory rise ;  
Which standeth fixt, yet  
spreads her heavenly worth  
Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar  
to all eyes :

Like heaven in all; like the earth in this  
alone.

That though great States by her  
support do stand, Yet she herself  
supported is of none, But by the  
finger of tWA Imighty's hand ;

To the divinest and the richest Mind 1  
Both by Art<sup>1</sup> s purchase, and by  
Nature<sup>1</sup> s dower, That ever was  
from heaven to earth confined, To  
shew the utmost of a creature's  
power:

To that great Spirit 1 which doth great  
kingdoms move ! The sacred spring,  
whence Right and Honour streams,  
Distilling Virtue, shedding Peace and  
Love In every place, as CYNTHIA sheds  
her beams ;

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,  
Whereby we Reason, Live, and  
Move, and Be» These sparks, by  
nature, evermore aspire; Which  
makes them to so high a  
Highness flee.